A Review, with a Sketch of a Remarkable Authoress.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, D.D., LL.D.

The Edomites, by Mary L. T. Witter, author of "A Book for the Young."

[Dr. Rand sent us a review of the little book, "The Edomites," by Mrs. Witter, which has been published. The following is a sketch of the life of the authoress.—Ed.]

If a man deserves to be honored because by mere dint of intellectual power and industry, he attains to eminence in the literature and learning, does not the woman who does the same thing deserve the same reward? Of course she does. I shall therefore make no apology for introducing to the readers a remarkable woman—Mrs. Mary Lois Tupper Witter, the authoress of the book entitled "The Edomites," mentioned at the head of this article. I will first speak of the writer, and then of the book.

I must warn the reader at the outset, that though I have no pecuniary interest in the book, the writer and myself are near relatives and intimate friends. We are cousins german, as her father was my mother's brother. Other ties have tended to draw us into closer fellowship She lost her father by death, and I my mother, when we were infants. Her abilities and her zeal in acquiring knowledge, and in fitting herself for usefulness, under every disadvantage, her earnestness devotion as a Christian, and her masterly knowledge of the Bible, have won my admiration, and may possibly, unknown to myself, influence unduly my judgment. The reader, however, must hear what I have to say, and judge for himself.

Mrs. Witter was born in Cornwallis, N. S., April 9, 1817. Thirteen days after her birth, her father died. She was the fourth child, and they were all daughters. Her father's name was Samuel Tupper. I was myself but seven years old when he died, and can but just remember him; but I often heard his name mentioned by our grandparents, and by his brothers and sisters. He must have been a remarkable boy and a remarkable man, for they always referred to him as though, as a son and as a brother, he had been perfection itself. Others have also told me of his piety and his power in exhortation and prayer. Child as I was at the time of his death, I could never forget the impression made on my mind by the account which I heard of that event. How calmly and peacefully he bade the world adieu! repeating Pope's "Dying Confession," while he was dying:

"Hark, they whisper, angels say,
Sister-spirit come away."

Now I must go back a little, and speak of another very remarkable woman,—our Grandmother Tupper, from whom we inherited all the intellectual superiority we may be supposed to possess. Her maiden name was Elizabeth West. She emigrated to Cornwallis, from the Island of Martha's Vineyard, with her parents, with those who came over to occupy the lands from which the unfortunate Acadians had been expelled. Mr. West settled on the north side of the Cornwallis River, about two miles above Kentville, and lived and died in the house in which Mrs. Witter was born. I have in my possession the document by which her father deeded to his "beloved daughter Elizabeth," the Eastern portion of the farm, where she and her husband resided, toiled and reared their children, for Grandfather was not remarkable for intellectual power, but he was remarkable for his industry, integrity and deep-toned piety. Our grandmother was, however, not only remarkable for her piety, but in intellect, in physical energy and every principle that marks the strong-minded woman, she was a perfect giantess. How she acquired her knowledge, I never knew; but I do know that it was not at the schools. I think I am safe in saying that she could repeat verses by the hour; and I have known her to entertain, for hours, a company of young people, by reciting incidents of English History and of the Spanish Inquisition. What is remarkable in her case is the fact that there was nothing extraordinary about any of her brothers and sisters, and some of them, if I remember correct, were considered as rather below the par. She was the mother of fourteen children, ten sons and four daughters, two of whom, one son and one daughter, died in childhood. The rest all grew up, and all but one, her youngest daughter who was never married, became heads of families, and most of them of very large families. She herself taught all her children to read. To take the charge of so large a family would have taxed the energies, in her circumstances, of any woman; but she had method in her toil, and learned to do two things at a time. While sitting down to give the baby the breast, the children old enough to learn were called to her knee to recite their lessons.

Those twelve children, without a single exception, inherited the intellectual power, the industry and the indomitable energy of their mother. It was an understood arrangement of the household that every child at the age of ten years, should have read the Bible through; and I may add that all became, like their parents, the avowed followers of the Lord Jesus.

When they went forth from the parental roof to fight the battle of life, they went empty handed, so far as money was concerned. But they went forth with stout hearts, strong arms, willing hands and clear heads. Farming was their business. To that, and to that alone, as an occupation they had been trained. They knew how to fell the trees, and how to subdue the stubborn soil. Every one of them soon gained a competency, became independent and some of them became rich. Wherever they settled they took the lead as men of business and ability, both in church and state. Their descendants are scattered by hundreds over Canada and the United States. This document may meet the eye of not a few of them, and for their sakes I will "call the roll," and mention the names of the twelve: Thomas, Elakim, Frank, William, Samuel, Charles, Augustus, Nathan, Jeremiah; Deborah, Abigail, and Wealthy. I do not know where the daughters should range in, but these are the names.

One of them, Charles, who bore his father's name, became a Baptist preacher—the late Rev. Dr. Tupper, of Aylesford, N. S., whose name is as a household word. He was known as a prodigy in acquiring languages by the aid of books alone. But he was not peculiar even in this. Two others of the brothers knew something of the classics, and one of them—Nathan—was a respectable Latin scholar, and mastered thoroughly the French language after he was fifty years of age. He was a man, too, of vast intelligence, and it would have been a credit to any college or university to have bestowed upon him the title of M. A. But they were all adepts in knowledge. With scarcely an exception, if any, they mastered the intricacies of English grammar, corrected the old-fashioned false pronunciation of words and bad English, spoke and wrote the language with propriety, and became men and women of general information.

Now we will return to the more immediate subject of our sketch. We will begin, according to an old but improper phrase, "where God began with her." It is on the Lord's day, and it is in the summer of 1828. A respectable congregation have assembled in the old Baptist meeting house in Billtown, Cornwallis, at this time new and unfinished. We have come together to hear a young licentiate, who is just beginning to win laurels as a preacher. His text is Matt. 10: 7, "And as ye go, preach." The call and the calling of the minister are the points discussed. The young man is in his glory to day. How distinctly he rises up to my mind as I pen these lines! His fine, manly form; his handsome face; his clear, ringing, musical voice; and, more especially, his intense earnestness. I doubt not many a pious soul at the close said, mentally or audibly, "That sermon will not be lost." It was not lost. Two of the hearers at least can never forget it. One was the writer of this sketch, and the other was the subject of it. In my ears, figuratively speaking, that discourse from Bro. I. E. Bill, delivered is now nearly sixty years ago, has been ringing ever since. Mary Lois was eleven years old at the time, and she went home in deep distress about her soul, to disturb the family in the night by her distress, and she had no rest until she found it at the foot of the cross.

That was a glorious starting point for a little fatherless child. Henceforth her father's God, "the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow," will have her under His special charge, and He will be with her to the end.

Her mother had been married again to Augustus, her former husband's brother, and numerous sisters and brothers had come trooping in. But all hands are full of employment. A large farm and a country store are together being managed by the family. The energetic head of the house, like his brothers, not only worked diligently himself, but he knew how to find employment for all hands, out doors and in. From the age of twelve to eighteen Mary Lois was not considered strong, and she was indulged accordingly,—not set to hard work; but to have been seen sitting down on a week day, during working hours, with a book in her hand, would have been considered a crime, and would have subjected her to a severe rebuke. And then as to books. Oh, there were no books—books were superfluities; and if people would lay up money,—and our family of Tuppers all soon learned how to do that—few luxuries must be indulged in, and no superfluities. Who could afford to buy books? I feel positive that at that time a dozen different volumes of good solid reading matter were not to be found in any of their houses, if indeed there were half that number; and some of these were probably borrowed, or owned by a "joint stock company." Then the oldest brother, Thomas, who resided in Aylesford, was made a magistrate, and it was necessary to have a law book, so he and a neighboring justice of the peace purchased one between them.

This explains, in part at least, the next scene to which I would introduce the reader.

It is night. The family prayer has been offered, with a chapter from the Bible read, and the family have retired to rest. But seated on the floor in her chamber, with a quilt hung on chairs to form a curtain round her, sits our heroine, about seventeen years of age, with her candle, intensely absorbed in a new book, which she has managed slyly to get hold of; and night after night the same process is repeated, while her waking thoughts during the day are pondering its contents. What book is that? does the reader ask: It was Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament"! This book had lately been brought home, and the family had been informed that it was not a book to be handled and soiled by the children. But young Mary has ventured to glance into it "on the sly," and it has thrown a flood of light on the Book of books, the New Testament, which she now sees is to be understood, and can be so, as well as read. And she peruses it thus clandestinely because there is no chance to read it any other way. Hume's History of England was another book found in the house, and she afterwards perused that in the same way. Ayre, and there was another little book, Entick's English Dictionary, and—will the reader believe it?—she *committed that book to memory* "on the sly," as she expresses it, when between the age of fourteen and eighteen.

To ye brave girls, that are taking advantage of the educational opportunities now afforded you, and are winning academical honors and golden opinions for your abilities and your diligence, cover your faces, and "own up" that you cannot beat that!

After this Mrs. Witter's career can be summed up in few words. She is determined to obtain an education. If she cannot obtain assistance, in the name of Israel's God she will go forward and help herself. At the age of eighteen she keeps a district school within a few miles of her home. Reading, spelling, writing, a little arithmetic, with plain and ornamental sewing, were all that a female teacher in those days was required to teach. These branches she had acquired when a child, and she is qualified to teach them. But in the meantime she follows up her studies. Her time is now her own, and she is not ashamed to be seen pouring over a book. Murray's Grammar is soon mastered, without a living teacher. She lays by her earnings, and goes for three months to a school of a higher grade, kept at Wolfville, by a Mrs. Best. As soon as she has earned by teaching sufficient to pay the bills, she goes to Fredericton, and attends Mrs. Hunt's classes for a year and a half. Finally, she opens in the town of Yarmouth a private school for young ladies, and teaches the following branches, viz.: English grammar, geography, history, natural philosophy, botany, French, drawing, the use of the globes, and moral philosophy. Mrs. Witter taught a district school six years; and a private school for young ladies, with satisfaction to her patrons and profit to herself, for twelve years. She has been a Sabbath school teacher for nearly fifty years. She has never ceased to study: no truly great mind ever ceases to study. She has besides the branches mentioned above, made progress in algebra, geometry, geology and mental philosophy, and is a thorough student of the Bible.

Mrs. Witter was married in the year 1851. Her husband, James S. Witter, Esq., was at the time a teacher at Digby, N. S. Subsequently they removed to Yarmouth, where he went into mercantile business. They afterwards removed to Canning. Mr. Witter was a successful merchant, first in Yarmouth town, then at Canning, Cornwallis. By two disastrous fires in the latter place, he lost heavily. His health failing he removed to Berwick, where he cultivates a small farm, which agrees much better with his health. They have an only child, a daughter, whom they have been at pains to educate, and to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Their efforts and prayers in this respect have been crowned with success. This daughter is now the wife of a highly esteemed Baptist minister — Rev. Frederick Crawley, of Fredericton — and is acquitting herself nobly, so I am creditably informed, in the post to which she has, in the providence of God, been called.

On Overcoming Temptation.

BY PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.

Charles Kingsley has divided men into three classes—honest men who wish to do right and do it, knaves who wish to do wrong and do it, and fools who do either right or wrong as occasion suits. Now this is not by any means an exhaustive division of mankind. I am quite sure that ninety men out of a hundred who are here to-night are neither honest men nor knaves nor fools. I think the position of most of us is of those who wish to do right and can't do it. I never come to this meeting without many men telling me that their intentions are the best, that they really wish to be better men but they can't accomplish what they wish. Well, gentlemen, in morals there is such a word as can't; in religion there is no such word. If you link your weak will to the Almighty God there will be no limit to the possibilities of your life. "I can do all things," says Paul, "through Christ that strengtheneth me." "Nothing shall be impossible to you," says Christ. United with Him you will go from strength to strength and will at last reach the stature of the perfect man. Now we have all of us begun to live such a life—a higher and healthier and purer life—and we have gone on for a day or two, or perhaps even for a week, and then we fell and then picked ourselves up again, and began again and fell again, and so on—the weary routine which we all know so well. Now, what is it that makes us fall and break down? Look over the efforts and struggles of the last few years of your life and see where did you always fail. Was it not always at some one weak place in your nature where temptation always assailed you? Now you see how much the secret of a successful life lies in overcoming temptation. So I want to speak a little this evening, (1) about the time before the temptation; then (2) about the temptation when actually upon you: and, lastly, about the time after the temptation.

In the first place, then, be sure that temptation will come. When I went to Africa a few years ago my friends told me, "You're sure to catch the fever." Well, I said, we'll see. I went and had been a month in the country and there was no fever; the second month passed and yet no fever. The missionaries I met said this was a most exceptional case, but they said, "You won't escape it." The third month passed and I had not caught the fever, and I was beginning to get very proud when one morning when I awoke I felt as if I had been sleeping on an iceberg. At night I felt as if I had been walking on hot ashes; and then there followed that struggle between life and death No man ever passes through that country without catching the fever, and no man ever passes through this world without encountering temptation. Be sure that it will come. Mount Etna once went to sleep for nine centuries. By the second century men forgot that it was a volcano; by the third the word eruption was forgotten; by the fifth houses were being built up its green slopes; as the centuries passed on dwelling-places crept up nearer and nearer to the crater, till one day from its huge mouth Etna poured streams of lava. An eruption had taken place and was the cause of death to many thousands. Your temptation may, like another Etna, be sleeping now, my brothers, but be sure that it will burst forth again.

Again, your temptation will be the same one as you had before—not a different one, but the same old monotonous temptation which has conquered you so often. It's the weak point in your nature and the devil will attack you there just because it's the cheapest way to reach the vitals. What makes a leaf fall? The frosts don't nip it; the wild winds don't blow it off If you go in early spring and examine the stem with a microscope you will see a thin streak of white scarcely discernible running through the wood; go a month later and the line is deeper, and as the months wear on that line deepens and deepens till it cuts the leaf through and it falls. A hundred strokes in different parts of the body may not penetrate farther than the skin but a hundred strokes in the same place cut to the vitals. And so must temptation, continually wounding a man in one place, prove fatal. Each man has his own peculiar temptation as he has his own walk and his own smile, and that temptation tracks him through life and follows him like his shadow.

Again, the temptation will be sudden, be sure of that; it does not approach slowly but it trips a man up by the heels when he is not dreaming of it; it is upon him in a moment.

And that leads me to speak, secondly, of the actual temptation—how to face it. There are two totally different kinds of temptation which must be treated in two totally different ways. There are sins of the disposition and sins of the body. Sins of the disposition are such as envy, dishonesty, impatience, anger, hasty judgment; they are much worse sins than sins of the body, inasmuch as they are sins in a higher part of our nature. The prodigal is an example of one addicted to the sins of the body; the elder brother of one whose disposition was bad. And I have no doubt that the prodigal was a much better fellow to live with than his brother. We all know that the fast man is a much jollier fellow than the badly disposed man. The one has generally a very perfect disposition, while the other knows very little of the lusts of the flesh. With sins of disposition the method is to take time. You get a letter that puts you in a passion and you write off a furious reply. Now you did wrong: you should have waited till the cold morning had sobered your mind and then you would not have written that letter. Well, that's very easy and I mention it more as a contrast to the method in the case of sins of the body. With such your only way is to take to your heels. If you stop to consider about it you will waver and capitulate. You are not strong enough to stand it—not one man in a thousand can do that; your only way is to flee. Perhaps you think that's a very cowardly thing to do. But it's your only way and after all it is not cowardly but very philosophical. A child in the nursery falls on the fender and hurts its head. A badly-trained nurse at once rushes up and tries to sympathise with it, asks where it feels the pain and makes a general fuss over it. A well-trained nurse catches up the child before it has time to cry and carries it to the window and says, "Come, let us look at the horses." The child's attention is diverted into another channel and it forgets all about its pain.

There are on most modern railways what are called "runaway lines" which run off the main line and lose themselves among the fields. And when the driver sees danger ahead he runs his train on to one of these side lines and the danger is gone. And so, my brothers, you should have your mind stored with "runaway lines" and when you see temptation coming turn your mind instantly into one of these lines which may lose themselves in some harmless field of thought. Some men take refuge in the remembrance of their mother and their home; others recall some noble ideal they have read of in some book; the love of a woman enshrined in their heart keeps others pure; happier than all are those who have Jesus Christ whom to know is life eternal, whose love lifts and elevates and saves above any other earthly power. "He that abideth in Him sinneth not."

Well, gentlemen, it does not need much religion to carry out these hints and therefore I won't stop there, for the simple reason that I don't know how any man is to get through the temptations of university life unless God is with him. In plain English, you must pray,—not once or twice merely but "pray without ceasing." But, you say, how can prayer help me? Well, I can't analyze this method as I have done the others. I don't say it is unanalyzable but we have not at present the instruments with which to analyze it. But there are fifty men in this meeting to night who could tell you that God has delivered them when they prayed. I know that God answers prayer. And whenever you see temptation looming in the distance, pray and keep on praying till the help comes. Again, read the Bible. I don't think this advice has ever been given from this platform before, I don't know why. We ought to read the Bible because it is God's book, but we ought to read it also because it is the food by which our souls live. Perhaps you say, "Oh, but the Bible is so archaic," or "I know it off by heart, it has worn threadbare to me." Well, gentlemen, the actual words and letters of our English version are not the Bible, they are but the vase to hold the alabaster ointment. It is the spirit that quickeneth and if you get the pure spirit of the Bible in any poem or philosophic work, then read them; but the thing to note is that you must have the spirit of God's word to quicken and invigorate your soul. You get an egg to breakfast and again an egg to dinner, only at dinner the egg is in the pudding so that you do not see it; but it nourishes you all the same. And so the mere printed Bible is just the shell that contains the precious nourishment, the spirit.

Lastly, gentlemen, I would remind you that for climbers of the Alps the only way of safety is to fasten each other together with a rope, and for you, too, a great way of safety is to join yourself to someone else. Ask your companion if he will allow you to draw a little strength from him. He will likely tell you in his next breath that that's just what he's wanting himself and you two together will be stronger than if you had been alone. The student who lives in lonely lodgins and never speaks to anyone has a very poor chance of standing temptation when it comes. Christianity is a social thing; that's one reason why Christ instituted the Christian church and the sacraments that there might be a bond of union between all His followers. Join the Christian church, join yourself to Christian comrades, in unity there is strength.

Now about the time after the temptation. In the first place I would say, count it a great event whether you have conquered or been conquered. Don't make light of it. Also, be very humble. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Be very sympathetic. There is no bond of union like that between those in all points tempted like each other. Think that in that man sitting there next you there is the same volcano of temptation ready to burst forth; that he has the same daily struggles, the same bitter remorse and shame over failure, and it will make you put your arm in his as you go out and ask him, "Brother, can I help you and can you help me?" And, in conclusion, don't make religion a mere escape from the devil. Take Christ not only as your Saviour and Redeemer but take him also as your King and your Life. If you give yourself to Christ's service, if it were nothing else than that you might do his service, you would be kept. And if you do this and follow the advice I have given you, old-fashioned though some of it may appear, I have no doubt but that you will be kept straight and go from strength to strength and at last reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, and appear before God in Zion.—*Christian Leader.*

The Land of Young.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHERE ALL THE ELDERS ARE YOUNGSTERS.

Sailed into Salt Lake City at Sunset. Sun sets in this country very abruptly; doesn't fool away any time in twilight uncertainties and gloaming reveries. Just sets. Conductor points out George O. Cannon's wife ranche as train sweeps by. George not at home now. Has fired himself off. Hiding in wilderness somewhere. Always was sort of pelican. Prefers wifeless wilderness to penitentiary. Indictment hanging over George's head for being married overmuch, and the Mesdames Cannons are, so to speak, grass widows. Alfalfa (a kind of clover, perculiar, perhaps, to Utah) widows out here. Common thing in Utah just now. Seven women and one deputy sheriff ready to lay hold of one man soon as he shows himself. Deputy makes one too many. Salt Lake City very pretty. Neat as a toy town. Laid out in 10 acre squares. Tidy, thrifty-looking homes; very attractive. Quarterly hair trimming going on at one home. Colony of children out in yard. Papa shingling hair; no pent-up barber shop contracts his powers. Just sits victim on overturned bee-gum, and shingles hair under limitless canopy of heavens. Streets wide as farms. Irrigated by water from mountains. Irrigated too much while we were there. Rained and thawed. "Clear running water, transparent as crystal," in guide book. Water like Schuylkill, in streets. Many wonderful things in guidebook; don't show up in landscape Man travelling on pass sees many marvelous things fare-paying passenger doesn't get on to. Cash ticket has effect of making passenger color blind. Many things also cash passenger sees quite distinctly with naked eye, fellow with pass never sees at all. Pass has tendency to produce partial, and at times, total blindness. Used to suffer somewhat from paralysis of optic nerve myself. Know all the symptoms. Painful disease. Great relief to abuse telegraph company and scalp railroad when feel like it. Mighty tiresome work. Puffing "Cannon Ball" train eight hours behind time, and praising "Hummer" that gets in sometime next week.

Salt Lake City, founded July 24, 1847 Brigham Young led the people through Emigrant Canon. Compared self to Moses. Lived much more like Solomon in some things. Great head; many-sided man; managed everything from smallest detail to greatest plan. Certainly a most remarkable man. No architect planned a building that will seat 10 000 people, and a whisper can be heard from pulpit to man sitting farthest away. I have spoken in halls planned and built by professional architects, that would seat about 700 people by crowding, and if it thundered in the hall couldn't hear anything but echoes. Never hear the original thunder. Just built for an echo ranche. Everything Brigham planned filled the bill exactly. Man of strong domestic tastes. Generally considered in society as a marrying man. Wasn't the kind of a man to see lone, lorne women moping around in single blessedness. Married by platoons. Taste in selection improved with age. Family kind of shouldered out of place by Brigham's successors. Amelia fired out of Amelia palace; lives in plebeian mansion now, same as common, three ply Mormons. Taylor family or some regiment of it quartered in Amelia Palace. Rough on Amelia and the Young family; but Mormon fight doesn't interest civilized man very much.

No service in great Tabernacle in winter. Too big; can't heat it. Edmunds' bill warming it up a little now. Attended service in Assembly Hall; 2,000 people present. Communion every Sunday; bread and water; never wine Earnest prayers; very orthodox in tone. One patriarchal, white-bearded elder, very impressive in prayer. Prayed as he was used to pray a-foretime, however, and forgetting that many saints are in the penitentiary and many more fugitives from justice, thanked God that here "we have a home where none can molest or make us afraid." May not be afraid; but jump bail and skip for the wilderness all the same. No reading of Bible or Book of Mormon in service; no text; preacher just gets up and "sloshes" around; preaches all round the horizon. Runs dry on one subject, blazes away on another, without saying, "But again," "To digress" or "Seventhly." Mormon preacher never runs dry. Just sets his mouth agoing, and goes away and leaves it. Nothing very impressive in service; pictures on ceiling too funny. Joseph appears in several attitudes. In scene where he is receiving "priesthood of Melchisedek," whatever that may mean, at hands of Peter, James and John, beholder is stunned at Joseph's cost of much dollar. Spike-tailed coat. Tails stick out behind; appear to be loaded. Pantaloons of the bag, baggy; cut same size all way down; sewed off square at ankles. Costume in striking contrast with flowing robes of apostles. Apostles must have noticed it, but too polite to laugh. Fear I will never be Apostle. Sermon good enough; with some few changes, might have been preached in any church. Hard to hear them. People coughed all the time. Salt Lake City may be healthful place; but can't prove it by Mormon congregation Coughed longer and louder and harder than any other congregation of same size in America.

Singing was grand. Splendid choir; no wonder they're proud of it. Any congregation might well be. Only time during service that faces of worshippers gleamed with any light of interest, was during singing. Congregation sings—some of our own good old hymns, too, with zeal and heartiness that is inspiring. Not a cough during singing. Not a hack. Not a nose blow. If preaching good as singing, maybe coughing disappear entirely. Parson might cut this out and paste it in sermon book.

Tidier, neater, cleaner, better dressed congregation of working people, tradesmen and farmers, you never saw. Clean in face and neat in dress, devout in responsive "Amens," spirited in singing, united in coughing and stupid in expression. That is the composite expression of the Mormon congregation—dense, impenetrable, hide-bound stupidity. There are intelligent, educated Mormons, but weren't in that congregation. People in that hall could be persuaded to believe anything, so it be ridiculous and unreasonable. Any fake, fad, ism, whim, or crinkle—anything. Could pick out half dozen "Christian Scientists" right in stupidest row. Could get up convention of "faith-healers" right there. Ignorance; that is the corner-stone of Mormonism. Indian Territory is better fitted for admission to union of states to-day than is Utah; its ideas are more American; its Indians more heartily and intelligently in sympathy with our government and our institutions. Utah needs five or six years of free school, of education, of Gentile immigration, of Americanizing, before it will be fitted for statehood.

Baptists of Salt Lake City have very pretty church and also school-house. Rev. M. T. Lumb preached Sunday morning. Church without pastor. Looking for one. No room and no use for second rate man out here. Best is hardly good enough. Miss Page, missionary of Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, and the teachers in the school now holding the fort for the Baptists in Salt Lake City. Excellent material in the church; live, working members, and a good Sunday-school; good with a big G. School well conducted, and pupils unusually bright. Church doesn't ask any help. All it wants is good pastor; man with well developed osseous formation thick and strong, ranging from base of skull downward, in middle of back; hat-full of good sense and soul full of zeal; and it can irrigate its own ranche.—*Nat. Baptist.*

If you require a spring medicine, if you are suffering with languor, debility, pimples, boils, catarrh, chronic sores, scrofula, or loss of appetite, or any disease arising from impure blood, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the safest and most economical of all blood purifiers.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. —M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Ruthand, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured. —Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

OVER WORKED Women

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength, to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, Women's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE FARM

of Land, 240 acres, with good House and Barn situated at JUVENILE SETTLEMENT, SUNBURY COUNTY, and known as the

McLEOD FARM.

For particulars apply to

C. L. Richards,
BARRISTER,
8-21 SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Is daily saving life in cases of *Phthisis, Typhoid and Relapsing Fever, Diphtheria, Bright's Disease, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Anemia, Marasmus, Cholera Infantum and all diseases of children.*

Put up in 6 and 12 oz. bottles, at 60 cents and $1.00. 10tf

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. No poisons used. Best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens colored goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, bath, laundry, prohibiting &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new, simple, easy way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and you are smiled upon by a clear sky, no clouds, save 25 surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocery to show you the pictures. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 7 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co.,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

THOMAS L. HAY.

DEALER IN

Hides and Calf Skins,

AND SHEEP SKINS.

3 STORE ROOMS—13 SYDNEY STREET.

Where Hides, and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold.

Residence—41 Paddock Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.